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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 126.

TO THE WANDERER.

BALLSTOWN Springs it is currently reported will be thronged this seasonwith all the gentry of the New England, middle and southern states. The effects of the Embargo by cramping business, promotes pleasure; the northern cit is making his escape from the effluvia of the salt fish, rotting on his hands the flour merchant from the consequences of governmental interdictions, and the southern noble from the overwhelming disasters attending his unsold crops. In short, they all flock to Ballstown in the hope of killing thought and killing time; and in the certainty of spending pretty liberally the remains of their estates. The manners of our American nobility are abundantly displayed at Ballstown, not being interrupted in their exercise by the calls of business, nor curbed by considerations of interest (for spending money is the certain criterion of riches) and only liable to the occasional invasion of low wit, groveling opinions, and horse-play raillery. Ballstown is no longer the resort of the decrepid or the invalid, for the benefit of the waters; but of the healthy to be made sick, the fashionable girls to be made wives, and low-bred merchants and mechanics to be made gentlemen.

Those northern ladies who can obtain the consent of their husbands to visit the Springs, as they are called, spend great part of their time in preparing their various dresses, and cultivating their gentility in the confident hope, that they shall excel all the other visitors at this fashionable resort. Determined to make as handsome an appearance as possible they hire a *Hackney* coach in *Boston*, with four horses, and away for Ballstown they dash through thick and thin. But when arrived, they discover others to be as emulous as they, and soon find themselves obscured by the pageantry of southern splendour, and involved in a crowd of impertinent fashionables, by whose gairish manners and tittering conversation they are completely outstripped in the race of fashionable notoriety.

This village has of late become so noted for company that some description of it, and the manners and customs of the people who resort to it, may not be devoid of amusement to your readers. I set out with the intention of being a censurer, because I have neither found pleasure, nor derived improvement from a visit which I have made there. The first appearance which the village of Ballstown exhibits is wholly disagreeable; being situate in a valley between two sand mounds, fringed

here and there with pine trees. Just at the back of the settlement, is a small run of turbid water, which winds its course through a marsh, and is remarkable only for being the receptacle for frogs, and for a rude bridge which is cast over it, for no other purpose than to be dangerous to travellers. The atmosphere is always damp and unhealthy, and on the whole the village possesses no single quality to recommend it as a place of fashionable resort. Here a crowded tavern gave me the first practical idea of Bob Handy's "incommodiousness of accommodation;" for the Sans Souci Tavern, so called from the ceremonious reserve of the place, is so completely stuffed with rooms and beds that you cannot sleep in comfort, has so much company that you cannot satisfy your appetite, and has so much formality that you cannot enjoy society.

Ballstown, thus unpleasant from its situation, has less claim to praise for elegance of manners, or the common civility of social intercourse. I speak from my own experience, and affirm that the *beau monde* of America, are the most illiterate and mock polite of any people in the country. At home at their fire-sides they are hospitable, kind and affectionate; but when they travel and set up for manners, their low breeding is sure to "peep through the loop-holes of retreat." At Ballstown a starch formality and distance, pervaded all their actions, except during their meals, and then, to be sure, as the world is ever in extremes, they were as rude and indelicate as at other times they were ceremonious and unsocial. At their meals, their latent voracity which the emptiness of the table was apt enough to keep alive, produced a most wonderful change in the ceremony of their deportment; but they had consolation in the reflection, that however greedy they appeared, and however many the squabbles that were produced to gain the wing of a fowl or a cup of milk, every one did the same thing; therefore they dashed on without much fear of discovery or animadversion. When the dinner bell rang out, at the great house, woe be to him who did not spring at the first sound! he would assuredly lose his dinner; for nearly two hundred people with appetites whetted, their ceremony laid aside, rushed into the dinner room at every door, pell mell, like a horde of Tartars, overturning in their progress to a good seat, chairs, servants, dishes, in short, every thing that was and every thing that was not an impediment to their velocity. Nothing stood before their voracious appetites, excepting the tablecloth; they dispatched every thing that laid before them in the twinkling of an eye, never leaving a solitary goose, chicken or smaller bird, to relate the fate of its companions; "all, all the storm devoured." Fish, flesh and fowl were only seen to be greedily seized, at the utmost hazard of your fingers, if placed too near, from the knives and forks of your neighbours; and only seized to be as rapidly demolished.

There was none of the courtesy of offering, "madam, allow me to help you to a piece of this bird," for while yet speaking the bird itself would be soused plump in your next neighbour's plate. No, no, every one for himself, "hardest, fend off," so that a turkey would be broken in pieces almost at a moment.

"Lo, with a wing one fellow fled,
This with a leg, and that the head,

Off with the tail a matron goes,
Another seizes it and gets the *toes*."

And this, said I, is the *fashion* of America collected from all quarters of the continent. Well done, delicacy and refinement!

Here, every day is like the preceding in the round of time; and the description of the amusements of one day, will suffice for that of the whole season. It may be premised here, that there is a constant succession of new faces appearing at the place, so that the company are often perfect strangers to each other; and from the specimen exhibited to me, I exclaimed with the man in the play, "I desire we may hereafter be *better strangers*." As they arrive not only from opposite directions of this country, but foreigners from France, Italy, Russia, England, and Spain, are also frequent visitors; their customs, opinions, and manners appear entirely dissimilar and repugnant, being of all hues, grades and appearances. Having no common bond of union but the table, they have no other intercourse than a distant courtesy, a formal bow, or a ceremonious "good morning, sir," and "I hope I see you well, ma'am; a fine morning this, only a *little* foggy—can see three feet a-head of me." How many tumblers to-day, ma'am? "Only ten, sir; but I expect to make up two dozen before breakfast." They have no person who by common consent is made master of ceremonies; but the company, composed of discordant materials, are still flying off, from the common center of civility and refinement into distant haughtiness and unbending reserve. The consequence is a life of *tonish*—but automa-*tonish* indifference and tediousness.

I used to rise in the morning at about six o'clock; and as there were now three hours and a half to kill before breakfast, I used to saunter to the principal spring to which some ladies as listless and restless as myself, commonly resorted at the same time. The water of this spring appears in continual fermentation, and is constantly rising in large globules to the surface, the bursting of which moves the whole body of the spring, very much like the eddies of a brook, only one is a current and the other is confined—a marble platform, about twenty feet square, round which is an ornamental iron railing, with a gate on every side through which you pass to the fountain in the center, makes a very pleasing appearance. The great proportion of chalybeate, contained in this water has discoloured the marble and given it a rusty appearance, and in the course of a few years, it will not probably retain any part of its original whiteness.

(To be continued.)

ESSAY ON LEARNING.

IT is melancholy to reflect on the unhappy circumstances which have frequently attended the death of authors. If we turn over the pages of literary history, we shall find that although many have enjoyed the gratification of hearing their own praises, and some have basked in the sunshine of opulent patronage, yet their deaths have been often obscure, and sometimes disastrous. Cicero fell a victim to party-rage; Sidney expired in the field of battle; Crichton fell by assassination; and Otway perished by famine.

The fate of books is oftentimes similar to that of authors. The flattery of dedication, and the testimo-

ny of friends, are frequently interposed in vain to force them into popularity and applause. It is not the fashion of the present day to indulge the hangman with the amusement of committing books to the flames; yet they are in many instances condemned to a more ignoble destiny. The grocer, the chemist, and the tallow-chandler, with "ruthless and unhallowed hands," tear whole libraries in pieces, and feel as little compunction on the occasion, as the Thracian ladies did, when they dismembered Orpheus. The leaves are distributed among their customers with sundry articles of trade that have little connection with classical fragments, whilst the tradesmen, like the Sibyl, cares not a farthing what becomes of them.

Nunquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo
Nec revocare situs aut jungere carmina curat. VIRGIL.

I was led into this train of thought by receiving a pound of sugar from my neighbour *Tim Teartitle*, the grocer, wrapt up in a sheet of letter-press. Tim deals so largely in books, that he has many more than are sufficient for his own use, with which he very bountifully obliges the literati in foreign parts. I remember, just before the American war broke out, my curiosity was excited to know what a large hogshead, which stood at the door contained. I found, on examination, that it was filled with old pamphlets, most of them on subjects of liberty, non-conformity, and whiggism, which Tim was going to ship off for a Yankee shopkeeper in New-England. Whatever sage politicians may have said to the contrary, it is not at all to be doubted, that the importation of this cargo spread the wild-fire of rebellion among the Bostonians, and was the sole cause of the late bloody and expensive war. Although my neighbour Tim is no scholar by profession, yet it is astonishing what a progress he has made in books. He has finished a complete set of the General Councils, and is now hard at work upon the *Ante-Nicene* Fathers, whom he cuts up with greater expedition than Dr. Priestly himself. Perhaps more logic and metaphysics have passed through his hands than Lord Monboddo ever saw. He would have been a long time dispatching a set of French reviewers, had he not begun upon them when the price of coffee was reduced. The other day some young sparks, who belong to a celebrated academy, where every thing is taught, brought him a parcel of Latin classics. He tore off the covers with as much *sang-froid* as a nymph of Billingsgate strips an oyster of its shell, and bought Horace and Virgil for three halfpence per pound. He observed, with a sapient look, "That as for your *Virgilii's* translation into Latin, I reckon it no better than waste paper; but if it had been Mr. Dryden's history of the Trojan Horse, I should have kept it for my own reading."

I have been told by learned men that it is a question much debated in the Universities, whether or not the place ought to agree with the thing placed. Now after all the serious meditation, which so abstruse a point requires, I am determined to decide in the affirmative. For who cannot see the propriety, or rather (as Parson squab would say) the fitness of things, in wrapping up a cheesecake in pastoral, sugar-candy in a dedication, gun-powder in a sermon on the 5th of November?

There never was a time when learning forced itself so much into notice as it does at present. You can no more walk a hundred yards in the street, or go into any house, without seeing some display of it. than you can turn a corner in London without seeing a beggar, or hear a sailor talk without swearing. A man of fashion imperceptibly keeps up his acquaintance with his alphabet, by playing at the noble game of Tetotum, or risking his fortune at an E O table. Bookstalls furnish history; the walls of houses poetry; hand-bills medicine; fire-screnes geography, and clocks morality. These are the channels which convey to the porter the knowledge of the constitution, to the apprentice the art of rhyming, to Members of Parliament an acquaintance with our India settlements and to the fat alderman, wise sayings.

For my own part I am not satisfied with such vulgar means of growing learned, but love to follow literature into her more secret recesses. Fortunately chance has furnished me with the means of doing this, without being driven to the immense *bore* of poring over books, which would only produce the effects of a dose of opium. I have a trunk, which, like the dagger of Hudibras, may be applied to more purposes than one. It is lined with several sheets of the royal Register, and of course contains much edifying information. During my travels, I watch my trunk with the same fond anxiety which Sanco used to feel for his beloved Dapple. On my arrival at an inn, after having studied the most curious manuscript in the house, the bill of fare, I unlock my magazine of linen, and feast upon delicious scraps of characters, until more substantial food is set on the table. When I travel in company, my associates complain of my taking an unreasonable time to equip myself. They are not aware, that frequently whilst they think I am fluctuating between boots and shoes, I am conjecturing what the initial letters of my fragment stand for, and that instead of changing my linen, I am shifting from the Duke of Marlborough to Lord Chatham.

To those who wish not to forget all that their school-masters taught them, this sort of light reading is to be recommended. It would be no bad plan if all genteel people would furnish their trunks, portmanteaus, caravans, and band-boxes with the beauties of some author that suits their taste. If the *beau-monde* should be afraid of injuring their eyes, by these studies, Mademoiselle Abigail, or Monsieur Valet de Chambre, had better be deputed to read trunk-lectures to them. Hoyle on Whist will answer extremely well for old ladies; Tom Jones, or Joseph Andrews for boarding-school misses; Ecton's Thesaurus, or the art of shooting flying, for parsons; Paterson's Book of Roads, for lawyers on the circuit; and Phillidor on Chess, for the gentlemen of the army.

Pedants may object, that if the above plan should become general, the works of the learned will be no longer treasured up in the libraries of the great. But let them not be alarmed; for they may be certain, that whilst books are considered by a refined age as a species of ornamental furniture, and supply the place of the classics in wood, they will not be driven from their present posts. There is it must be confessed, great reason to be alarmed at the destruction which threatens some branches of literature.

Innumerable enemies are constantly on the watch, to annihilate insipid novels, scurilous satires, party pamphlets, and indecent songs. If they chance to attract the public eye for a week or two, they cannot escape that destiny which their authors were too much dazzled with their own charming productions to forsee. As weeds by their decay fertilize the soil from which they sprung, so these flimsy and noxious publications do great service to society, by lighting a pipe, embracing a tallow-candle, or forming the basis of a minced pie.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

MILTON.

Every circumstance which relates to MILTON is viewed with tender solicitude by all the lovers of the sublime in thought, and forcible in expression. His *blindness* particularly, as well as that of Homer, is an event which adds singular value to his works. The annexed account of the progress of that misfortune, from Milton to Leonard Philaras, an Athenian, dated Westminster, 1654, we lay before our readers with confidence proportioned to its rareness. It is translated from a collection of Milton's "Familiar Letters," published by Brabazon Aylmer, in 1674, during the last year of his life.

"As I have been, from a boy, a great admirer of every thing which bore the Grecian name, and more particularly of your own Athens, so likewise have I been ever fully persuaded, that that city would some time or other make me an excellent compensation for the attachment which I have always expressed towards it. This persuasion of mine, the ancient genius of your illustrious country has kindly accomplished in giving me an Athenian friend, so strongly endeared to me; who, at a time when I was known to him only by my writings, and at an immense distance from him, sent me the most obliging letters, and afterwards coming unexpectedly to London, and visiting me, when I was deprived of my sight, even in that distressing situation, which could add nothing to my respect, and which might make me slighted by many, still treated me with the same affection.

"Since, therefore, you have recommended me not to relinquish all hopes of recovering my sight, as you have a most intimate friend in Mr. Thevenot, a physician of Paris, who is celebrated for his successful treatment of disorders in the eye, and whom you offer to consult on my case, if you can hear from me the cause and symptoms of my blindness, which it will be necessary for him to know, I shall certainly comply with your wishes, that I may not appear to reject assistance from any quarter, which may perhaps be providentially sent for my relief.

"It is now, I believe, ten years, more or less, since I found my sight growing weak and dim. At the same time I experienced a melancholy affection, attended with disordered bowels, and flatulency. If I began to read at all in the morning, as I was accustomed to do, my eye-balls instantly pained me, and shrunk from their office; but recovered after a moderate exercise of the body. Whenever I looked at a candle, it appeared surrounded

with a kind of rainbow. Not a long time afterwards, a darkness, which began in the left part of my left eye (for that eye was dim some years before the other), concealed every object situated on that side. Whatever likewise was in front of me, if I happened to shut my right eye, appeared less. My other eye has gradually failed me for the last three years; and a few months before it became quite dark, every thing which I looked at steadfastly seemed to swim before me, sometimes to the right hand, and sometimes to the left. Continued mists appear settled on the whole of my forehead and temples, which usually press and weigh down my eyes, particularly after dinner until the evening, with a kind of sleeping heaviness; so that I often think of the fate of Phineus in Apollonius:

In purple mist profound
His eyes involv'd, seem'd on its centre deep
To see old Earth turn round—while mute he lay
In helpless drowsiness.

But I should not omit to mention, that, while I had yet some sight remaining, as soon as I lay down in bed, and reclined on either side with my eyes shut, there used to shine forth an abundance of light; and afterwards, as my sight was daily on the decrease, colours of a darkish cast rushed before me with a certain inward and violent crush. Now, however, the light is extinguished, and nothing presents itself but pure darkness or diversified and as it were interwoven with a cineritious or ash-colour. But the darkness, which continually clouds my sight, approaches as well by night, as by day, rather to a white, than to a black hue; and on turning my eye it admits a small portion of light as if through a little crevice. Although this may afford some hopes to the physician, yet I resign and compose myself as in a case that defies a remedy. I likewise often reflect on this, that since to every man are allotted many days of darkness (as we are told* by the wise man), mine, as yet, through the favour of heaven, which has given me leisure and resources, with the calls and conversation of my friends, have been much more easy than those fatal days. But if, as it is written, 'man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' what reason is there, why a man should not rest satisfied, that it is not with sight alone, but with the guidance and providence of God, that his eyes can avail him. Surely, while he regards, while he considers me, as he certainly does, and leads me, as it were, by the hand as a guide through the whole of my life, I cannot but willingly surrender my sight to him, who has so ordained it. I bid you adieu, my dear Philaras, with as constant and fixed affection as if I had the sight of Lynceus."

* Ecclesiastes, xi. and 8th verse.

The following extracts are from a Poem, published in Boston, 1727, addressed "To my Friend; occasioned by his poem on *Eternity*, dedicated to the author." The lines are some of them worthy of later times, and all of them are worth perusal; especially when the time and place of publication are taken into consideration. The author of "Eternity," had ascribed to this writer the merit of being his Tutor, which he thus disavows:

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Nor flush my features with a conscious flame.
Justice demands that I th' applause refuse:
Not I, but mighty Pope inspir'd thy muse

He, wond'rous bard! whose numbers reach our shore,
Though oceans roll between, and tempests roar:
Hush'd are the storms, and smooth the waters lie,
As his sweet musick glides harmonious by;
Ravish'd, my ear receives the heav'nly guest,
My heart, high-leaping, beats my panting breast;
Through all my mind incessant rapture reigns,
And joys immortal revel in my veins.
Thus the soft *Syrens warbled o'er the main*,
And thus *Ulysses' soul took wing to meet the strain.*
O Pope! thy fame is spread around the sky,
Far as the waves can flow, far as the winds can fly!
Hail! bard triumphant, fill'd with hallow'd rage,
Sent from high heav'n to grace the happy age:
For thee a thousand garlands shall be wove,
And ev'ry clime produce a laurel grove;
Thy name be heard in ev'ry artful song,
And thy loud praise employ each tuneful tongue:
Ev'n my young muse the noble theme would take,
And lisp imperfect what she cannot speak.
'Tis Pope, my friend, that guilds our gloomy nights,
And if I shine, 'tis his reflected light:
So the pale moon, bright with her borrow'd beams,
Through the dark horrors shoots her silver gleams
Pope's are the rules which you, my friend, receive,
From him I gather what to you I give.
When I attend to his immortal lyre,
I kindle instant with a sacred fire;
Now here, now there, my soul pursues his song,
Hurried impetuous by his pow'r along:
But when to you I would the flames convey,
In my cold hands the holy fires decay.
As when the convex-glass its face displays,
It close collects some scatter'd solar rays;
Tho' cold the glass, where'er its focus aims,
The object smokes, it reddens, and it flames:
So Pope, thro' me, shines full upon your muse;
So cold my breast; and so your bosom glows.

Go on, sweet poet, charm our list'ning ears,
Infuse new joy, and scatter all our cares.
O let no trifle tempt your noble rage,
No 'mortal theme your mighty muse engage;
But when harmonious to her lyre she sings,
And with swift fingers strikes the trembling strings,
Let sacred subjects fill the air around,
And angels waft to heav'n, the ecstacy of sound.
Such your *Eternity!*—what pleasures thrill
Thro' all my veins and urge my flying quill
As that I name? what transports fire my mind,
When I behold its various charms combin'd?
Here, the last trumpet shakes the sounding air,
There, gloomy glow the regions of despair:
Now, on this earth devouring flames increase,
And bellowing burnings boil the hissing seas:
Then, melting joys your blooming lines confess,
And saints dissolve away in endless bliss:
Last, hymning cherubs try their tuneful strains,
And charm, with notes like yours, the heav'nly plains;
Exalted high, the Saviour-God is known,
And dazling glory blazes round his throne;
Around his head a beamy lustre plays,
Where glittering jewels blend their trembling rays;
Eternal day breaks from his radiant eyes,
And flames divinely o'er the shining skies:
Thus sits the God, with awful honour crown'd,
While everlasting ages wheel their mighty round!—
But hold, my muse; cease my unartful song:
The beauties which I strive to praise I wrong
The scenes so fast upon my fancy flow,
Convinc'd, I own ETERNITY A NOW.

Thus let your pious muse employ her flame,
Then, lasting as your theme, shall be your fame.
Still from your lips let such soft notes arise,
And songs of seraphs sound beneath the skies;

Till, as your muse, your soul expands her wings,
And to their bright abodes, exulting springs:
There, there your voice shall deathless strains resound,
And be amid th' immortal chorus drown'd.
So some full spring a trickling rill bestows,
That makes melodious murmur as it flows;
It widens as it wanders on its course,
And as it glides it gathers greater force;
Still on it runs, and nought its stream controuls,
It now a riv'let, now a river rolls.
Now its strong tide, with unresisted sway,
Rushes impetuous down and foams away;
It pours along, and all its banks out-braves
Till the vast sea absorbs its undistinguish'd waves.

It is not uncommon to be eye and ear witness of a dialogue in the street between a mendicant and a beggar in good clothes, who gets off from alms-giving by suggesting the unworthiness of the object; saves his pence under colour of reason. The question is not what the object deserves, but what we are bound to give. The man, that can thus reason deadens *sensibility*, the great prompter to virtue. One of the antients well reproved the impertinence of a friend, that would thus have stayed his beneficent hand, by remarking with signal force and precision, we should give "*Tanquam homines, non tanquam homini.*" Not as to a man, but as men.

BOILEAU.

It being rumoured at the Court of Lewis XIV, that the pension of the great Corneille was to be retrenched Boileau, with a noble disinterestedness, hastened to Madame de Montespan, and said. that his sovereign, equitable as he was, could not, without injustice, grant a pension to an Author like himself, just ascending Parnassus, and take it from Corneille, who had so long been seated on the summit; that he intreated her, for the honour of the King, to prevail on his Majesty rather to strike off *his* pension, than to withdraw that reward from a man whose title to it was incomparably greater; and that he should more easily console himself under that distinction, than under the affliction of seeing it taken away from such a Poet as Corneille. This magnanimous supplication had the success which it deserved, and it appears the more noble, when we recollect that Racine, the rival of Corneille, was the intimate friend of Boileau.

The long and uninterrupted intercourse, which subsisted between Boileau and Racine, was highly beneficial and honourable to both. The dying farewell of the latter is the most expressive eulogy on the private character of Boileau: 'Je regard comme un bonheur pour moi de mourir avant vous,' said the tender Racine, in taking a final leave of his faithful and generous friend.

REPARTEE.

A physician at Padua, well known for his avarice and sarcastic humour, seeing a philosopher meanly dressed in the street, exclaimed in the words of Petrarch, as he passed the poor man,

"Povera e nuda vai filosofia."*

The philosopher instantly replied in the verse of Petrarch immediately following,

"Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa."†

* Unhoused, unfed philosophy is vain.
† Thus thinks the mob intent on sordid gain.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever

is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Anthony Henly's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, 'well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again.

OF SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

This old Sarah, as she was then called, published, in 1742, an *Account of her conduct* under Queen Anne: which *account*, by the way, gives an excellent insight into the manœuvres of a court. She was assisted herein by Mr. Hooke the historian; to whom, though oppressed with the infirmities of age, and almost bed-rid, she would continue speaking for six hours together. She delivered to him, without any notes her account in the most lively as well as the most connected manner: and, though the correction, of the language was left to Hooke, yet the whole is plainly animated with her spirit; and, as some philosophers have said of soul with regard to body, she was *tota in toto, et tota in qualibet parte*. She was of a strong understanding and uncommon sagacity, which I premise to justify my wonder at the strange neglect of education among the females; for her woman would have written as well, and perhaps better. Here follows, merely as a curiosity, a letter from her own hand-writing, directed "for Doctor Clarke att his hous near St James' Church," without alteration of either grammar or orthography; that is, *verbatim et literatim*, as *Mrs. Bellamy* expresses it.

Saterday

I give you many thanks for the favour of your leter to me, and am glad I ded not hear of the poor Bishop of Bangors illness tell the danger is over, I have never seen Ld sun: sence I came out of Town, but I expect him here to day at dinner, I wish I may have any thing to say from him that is worth troubling either of you with, but you will be gon before my leter can come to you, and therefore I will write to the Bishop, the surgeons assure me that they see no danger in the Duke of Marlborough's shoulder however they will not yet consent that hee shall goe to Woodstock, I suspect that caution may proceed from their knowing that one of them must bee always with us when we are at such a distance from London, and therefore they will defer our going as long as they can to attend their other business, I do and have told them that I will buy them at their own rates, and I have known but very few ministers or faverits that were not to bee bought, which must be done in this case, for when they shall come and tell me that his shoulder may be dressed by any body, I can't sleep fifty mile from London, if one of the best surgeons does not lye in the hous, by this account I am apt to think at your return upon the 22d of August you will find us here, but where ever I shall happen to bee you are sure of being always wellcome to your most faithfull

humble servant and friend

S. Marlborough

my humble serviss
to Mrs Clarke

INTELLIGENCE.

A complete Mammoth has lately been found (though not alive) in a state of perfect preservation on the borders of the Frozen Ocean. It was discovered by Schoumachoff, a Tungoose chief, in the autumn of 1799, in the midst of a rock of ice; but it was not till the fifth year after finding it, that the ice had melted sufficiently to disengage the Mammoth, when it fell over on its side on a bank of sand. Schoumachoff then cut off the tusks, which he bartered for goods with a Russian merchant to the value of 50 rubles, (11*l* 5*s*.) He then left the carcase to be devoured by bears and wolves; but, previously to which, he had a rude drawing made of it, which represents it with pointed ears, very small eyes, horse's hoofs, and a bristly mane, extending along the whole of its back.

In 1806, Mr. Michael Adams, of Petersburgh, hearing of the circumstance, repaired to the spot, where, having arrived, he found the skeleton entire, one of the fore feet excepted, though nearly stripped of its flesh. The vertebræ from the head to the os coccygis, one of the shoulder blades, the pelvis, and the remaining three extremities, were still held firmly together by the ligature of the joints and by strips of skin and flesh. The head was covered with a dry skin. One of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of bristles. These parts could not avoid receiving some injury, during their removal to Petersburgh, a distance of 6875 miles; the eyes, however, are preserved, and the pupil of the left eye is still distinguishable. The tip of the under lip was eaten away, and the upper being destroyed the teeth were exposed. The brain, which was still within the cranium, appeared dry. The parts least damaged, were one of the fore feet and one of the hind; these were still covered with skin, and had the sole attached to them. According to the Tungoose chief the animal was so corpulent and well fed that its body hung down below the knee joints. It was a male, but had neither tail nor trunk. From the structure of the os coccygis, however, Mr. Adams is persuaded that it had a thick short tail. Schoumachoff always persisted in asserting, that he never saw any appearance of a proboscis; and it does not appear probable, that his rude draughtsman would have omitted such a striking feature if there had been one. The skin (three-fourths of which is in the posesssion of Mr. Adams) was of a deep grey colour, and covered with reddish hair and black bristles. More than 40 lbs weight of them, that had been trodden into the ground by the bears, were collected, and many of them were 2 feet 4 inches long. The head weighs 460lbs; the two horns, each of which is 9 and an half feet long, weigh 400lbs.; and the entire animal measured 10 and an half feet high, by 16 and an half feet long. The tusks are curved in the direction opposite to those of the elephant, bending toward the body of the animal. Mr. Adams adds that he found a great quantity of amber on the shores.

Vaccination.—It appears, from the most authentic documents that can be procured, namely, the returns of 164 381 persons vaccinated, made to the Royal College of Surgeons—

That 24 persons, or 1 in 6,849, have had inflamed arms.

That 3 persons, or 1 in 54,793, have died of such inflamed arms.

That 66 persons, or 1 in 2 477, have had eruptions after the cow pock.

And that 56 persons or 1 in 2,917, have had the small pox afterwards.

NOTICE.

Proposals are issued by Thomas B. Wait and Co. of Portland, to publish the Works of the late Hon. Fisher Ames. They will be compressed into one octavo volume, and will cost three dollars to subscribers. From the character of the editors of this publication, the luminous mind of the author, and the praiseworthy purpose to which the profits are to be applied, we entertain sanguine hopes that the work will obtain a liberal patronage. From Mr Ames' numerous writings, published and unpublished, and from the reports of his speeches these selections are to be made: we hope that we shall not lose any of the treasure for want of size in the casket.

To a Correspondent.

M. who sometime since communicated to "The Wanderer" an answer to "*Omicron*," closed with intimating a future resumption of the subject Of such subsidies the conductors of that series are proud But the Succours having not yet arrived they are fearful he has forgotten the league. He is reminded that he never can come too late into the field, to do honor to the service.

POETRY.

William Smyth, fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, who offered to the public a volume of poems a few years ago, has been warmly praised for the delicacy of his mind and the tenderness rather than the enthusiasm of his poetry; it is characterised as "a sort of contemplative morality, somewhat *sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought*, instead of the strong emotions and lofty conceptions of the bolder lyric." Take the following extracts as examples of his manner.

FROM AN "ODE TO PITY."

"O Pity! all my sighs are thine,
My follies pause, my bosom warms,
My musing griefs to bliss refine,
Whene'er I mark thy sorrowing forms;
The love-lorn maid that long believed,
Now sinking lone, now undeceived,
—Or him, 'mid fortune's gath'ring gloom,
Condemned the smile of bliss to wear,
While baffled hope, and rankling care,
His generous heart consume.

The exile grey, when start to view
The tears, that speak the exiled soul;
The mother, as she bids adieu,
And turns, her anguish to control;
The hectic form, the beauteous maid,
That just as life its charm display'd,
To death devoted, glides away,
With brilliant eye, that watery gleams,
While still the rosy spectre dreams
Of many a morrow gay."

"Ah Julia! must that morrow come,
When I in anguish shall behold
That cheek with animated bloom
No longer warm—pale, shrunk—and cold—
Those lips, whence I such kisses steal,
Robb'd of their dye and honied store,
No more to make one proud appeal,
Or speak one tempting challenge more?

Ah! must that hour at length arrive,
When I may press that hand so fair,
Now to my lightest touch alive,
Yet feel no pulses trembling there?
Nor more those eyes of soften'd blue
With liquid fondness sparkling beam,
But seem their long, their last adieu,
In every faded look to gleam.

In some dread season of despair,
Must keen disease, must wasting pain
Seize e'en thy form? and I be near,
To count the sighs that moan in vain,
Wipe thy damp brow, with trembling hand,
See o'er thy frame Death's tremors creep,
Pale o'er thy sinking ruin stand,
And feel the grief that cannot weep."

"True, Laura, true! I own with pain,
That goodness oft must toil in vain,
Thy beauteous charge, the orphan maid,
But ill thy generous care repaid;
How could the hapless truant flee
From peace, and innocence, and thee?
Oft as we stray, this cottage nigh,
I feel how just thy passing sigh.

Thou canst not from this scene below,
Chase every vice and every woe;
Thou canst not wave a fairy wand,
Nor nature change, nor fate command;
O! faster will the weed appear,
Than art of thine the flower can rear,
Yet flowers by thee may learn to blow,
And weeds less rank, less widely grow.

Look round, my love, this hamlet see,
Its virtues all are reared by thee;
From thee its follies would retreat,
Its vices fear thy glance to meet;
To thee the young for learning bend,
The poor have marked thee for the friend;
And every grief to thee appeals,
Which pity soothes or bounty heals.

See, as we pass, each peasant's eye
Gives thee a praise no gold can buy;
Yon rosy child at distance view,
Preparing all in order due,
With courtsey grave to stop thy way,
And it shall look so proudly gay,
Soon as thy soft salute it hears,
Soon as thy smile its homage cheers."

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